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MONDAY, JULY 15, 1912.

PASS THE PEPPER PAY BILL.

The Pepper Militia Pay Bill is now on the calendar of the House of Representatives with the favorable report of the Committee on Military Affairs, and will be taken up for consideration to-day. It should be passed immediately and the Times-Dispatch urges the Virginia delegation in the House to put their united strength behind this measure and seek to cause it to become law. The militiamen of this Commonwealth coming from every section and district, are attentively watching the course of the Pepper bill, and expect their respective Representatives to bend every effort to have the bill passed. Congress is not far from adjournment, and the House should pass the bill as speedily as possible so that it may be considered in the Senate and, if possible, passed there before adjournment.

The merit of the Pepper bill is obvious. It would pay the National Guardsmen a reasonable compensation for the time they devote to military service. It would vastly increase the efficiency of the National Guard and quicken and stimulate the interest of our citizen-soldiers in their work and training. The compensation provided in the measure allows to militiamen a fair percentage of the pay received in the regular army and this pay is to be received only for actual military duty. As matters stand now, National Guardsmen are paid only when on encampments, for the loss of time and for their work in the interim they are given no compensation.

The Pepper bill, if enacted, would create a superbly trained, highly efficient and always ready national military reserve force that in time of war would be capable of instant mobilization for the national defense. The passage of the measure would be a step commensurate with the growth of this country as a world power. The militia, untrained and poorly organized, have in every war been the backbone of our national forces; without them our wars would have ended in our defeat. They have neither asked nor received much in the way of legislation of Congress, and their needs ought now to be supplied, for the need is a national one. A larger recognition of the militia will mean an increase in numbers and that inevitably means a larger body of citizen-patriots enlisted in the service of the country and prepared in time of peace for war.

EDUCATE STATESMEN FOR SOUTH.

The nomination of Woodrow Wilson as the Democratic candidate for the presidency, together with the recent letter from Dr. Alderman to the Times-Dispatch, in which he expresses gratification that two former students of the university were so prominent in the deliberations of the Baltimore convention, brings again to our attention one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the educational needs of the South.

The pre-eminence of Southern leaders in the councils of the nation prior to the Civil War was due to the generous provision in the South for higher education. In 1860 there were as many students in Southern colleges and universities as there were in those of the North and West, notwithstanding the large proportion of negroes in the South's population. The founders of the republic had seen that the security and the development of our Democratic institutions depended mainly upon proper educational facilities, and Jefferson and others had given their best efforts to the establishment of colleges and universities which were, in their opinion, to bear no unimportant part in solving the problem of the new government.

The economic conditions in the old South were especially favorable to his political activities of its citizens. There was sufficient leisure to devote to the discussion and solution of political problems, and much time was given to public affairs. As a consequence, an able class of political leaders was developed. "Those leaders," according to the statement of James G. Blaine, "constituted a remarkable body of men. Having before them and examples of Jefferson, of Madison, of George Mason, in Virginia; of Nathaniel Bacon, in North Carolina; of the Blackbeards and Blue Banners, in South Carolina, they gave deep study to the science of government. . . . They took pride in their libraries, pursued the law as far as it increased their equipment for a public career, and devoted themselves to political affairs with an absorbing attention."

The Civil War, with all its devastations, not only left the south prostrated physically, but also brought about an impairment and partial destruction of her educational institutions and their equipment. In the face of their diminished material resources

the Southern States also found it necessary to establish and carry forward elaborate systems of free public instruction. As the physical recovery of the South advanced, technical schools were also created, general educational endowments founded and liberal provision made for higher education. Sufficient attention has not been given, however, to the establishment of schools of economic and political science. The rewards of trade and industry have also had a tendency to attract the best minds of the South to business life. As a consequence of these two factors, the Southern States have not played as an important part as they should have done in the affairs of the nation. They have also failed during the past half century to develop the class of political leaders which were characteristic of the old South.

It is evident at the present time that if the economic life of the South does not afford the leisure necessary for the study of political problems, that adequate provisions must be made by our colleges and universities for training in economic and political subjects. The young men of the South must be properly prepared for citizenship and political leadership in a self-governing republic. Such a course is not only necessary for the purpose of regaining the position of the Southern States in national affairs, but is also of vital importance to the South itself in working out her own political and industrial problems.

William L. Wilson, the Democratic leader in Congress during the two terms of President Cleveland, through his long political experience, realized this educational need of the South. On the occasion of his inauguration as president of Washington and Lee University, he said: "I think we must admit that they (Southern universities and colleges) have one very important omission in their course of instruction which may be properly dwelt upon, on such a platform as this, however reluctant we may be to point out deficiencies where there is so much to praise and to kindle enthusiasm. I mean the general lack of schools, or of adequate schools, in historical, economic and political studies, such as now form so large a part of the course offered in the great universities and colleges of other parts of the country."

"If the South is to produce for her own service, if she is to contribute, as in days past, to the whole country, statesmen, legislators and judges able to maintain her influence and proper dignity as a great section of the American Union, her sons must continue to give, as Mr. Blaine says their father gave, deep study to the science of government, and, in amid the harder conditions that confront them, after leaving college, they are no longer able to give that study in the leisure and seclusion of their own libraries, the proper foundations for it must be laid in schools of learning."

WHAT THE WILSON CLUBS CAN DO.

The Harrisonburg Daily Times, as any Republican newspaper might be expected to do, is trying to discourage the Woodrow Wilson Club of that city from continuing its existence by saying: "Does any one imagine that this club can do Wilson one particle of practical good being organized at this time, though it might have done Woodrow Wilson a power of good had it been organized some months back and the hearty support of Rockingham thrown to the support of the New Jersey Governor?"

There is more work cut for Woodrow Wilson clubs in safely Democratic States to do now than ever before, and the Times knows it. The formation of clubs before the nomination of Woodrow Wilson is of no especial use to the party as a whole, but the organization of campaign clubs, even in safe States, is essential to the welfare of the party. Such clubs can stimulate interest in the campaign, and what is most to the point, can solicit contributions for the campaign fund of the party. The Times is so accustomed to think of the Republican style of collecting campaign funds as the only way that it forgets that the Democratic party derives its contributions to come from the pockets of the plain people, whose party the Democratic party is. The Democratic party is to have a clean, popular campaign fund, and the Wilson and Wilson-McCormack clubs can render splendid service by stirring the interest of the people and securing campaign contributions from them.

DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN CLUBS ARE MORE IMPORTANT NOW THAN THEY EVER WERE BEFORE.

They can pay a strong part in setting together the shreds of war and in convincing the people that the Democratic party is their party, and that the Republican party is in the nature of the trusts. Let the Woodrow Wilson Club of Harrisonburg go on with its good work.

VACATIONS IN THE CLOUDS.

The strange inertia of the human mind is well illustrated in the fact that man has as yet taken no serious measures to protect himself against the heat. He warms his dwellings against the cold, but sweaters in the summer, or spends fancy sums of money in seeking away to the mountains or the seashore. Yet it takes little imagination to see that the one problem is as easy of solution as the other. Modern methods of refrigeration should make it a comparatively cheap matter to keep our houses at a comfortable temperature quite regardless of the climbing mercury outside.

With cheap electric current and a

small ice machine alongside the furnace in the cellar to pump cold air or water through a system of pipes, the unhealthy electric fan and the deceptive julep would speedily become back numbers.

But there is a simpler method of avoiding the heat than this. Above our heads lies an inexhaustible reservoir of coolness. It helps even to think of it. What is to hinder the development of aviation so that in the next generation or sooner we will spend our summers in the clouds? The house boat and summer cottage will be obsolete. Instead we will own air-floats. No longer will a man have to give up his business to get cool, or remain a lonely summer bachelor bereft of family and the comforts of home. His home will drift serenely above him in the azure deep just high enough to get the right degree of temperature. At night it will sweep down and take him on board with the three yards of ribbon and gallon of ice cream his wife wants for dinner. Then off into the quiet and untroubled heavens for a long calm night of rest and unstained breezes.

He can sit on the deck and dream over the vast panorama of the earth as it unrolls beneath him. No scenic splendor of the Alps or the oceans will equal the majesty of his view. The clouds will build golden Alps and the blue deep presents an ocean so vast as to make others seem but tiny pools. On moonlit nights creation will look like a wonderful silver fairy land, and dawn will be again the mighty hymn that poets have proclaimed it. Coolness, quiet, scenery, these are what the weary city man seeks in summer, and all of them lie waiting a mile above his head. There will be no dog to break his slumber, nor early milkman to trouble sleep. The wireless will keep him in touch with his business and his friends. Indeed, he can have his office in the clouds, too, and transact his business in the untroubled solitudes.

We trust this is no heat mirage. The ancient Romans found solace from Italian suns in cool subterranean palaces beneath the waves. Why should not the modern man make his science using him new peace and quiet? All the elements are his to serve his pleasure. Many one-time castles in Spain have at last been built in last. The rock and when man shall really have become a birdman, he may hope to rival the clouds in their cold abiding place and triumph over heat and storm.

IN THE BLIND TIGER'S LAIR.

Whatever the legislative committee investigating the South Carolina dispensary may reveal, it can do no more than confirm the suspicions of the people of the Palmetto State. The legislators can charge little against Cole Blaise that the people do not already believe. When Tillman in the early nineties created the dispensary system in South Carolina he could not have known what a Frankenstein he was foisting upon South Carolina, nor could he have dreamed that by a strange political abortion Cole Blaise would become the head center, the hub, the kingpin, the main spring and the mogul of the dispensary system.

What has the dispensary system done for South Carolina? It was established to aid and abet the cause of prohibition. It has begotten numberless thousands of illicit liquor joints; it skulks countless blind tigers with their enormously increasing tails upon the people. The dispensary system has substituted licentiousness for license; it has replaced regulation with unrestrained liquor selling. Under the pretense of exacting profit for the State, the dispensary has done the gates open wide to illegal and shameful wholesale liquor selling. Hundreds of negro cabins are illegitimate saloons, where vile and poisonous concoctions with alcohol as an ingredient are sold to all comers. There is no city or town without its blind tiger; Charleston, in supreme contempt for an impossible law, has a hundred den saloons. The election of Blaise, one of Tillman's right-hand men in the 90's, has aggravated the situation, and South Carolina is to-day the supreme illustration of how a prohibitive system multiplies lawlessness and avoids the ill of the illicit liquor seller.

Near-prohibition has almost ruined South Carolina. The people in the dispensary system have had enough of it and so in 1910, when a good man was running on a prohibition platform, and Blaise on a local option platform, they were compelled to elect the latter. For more than twenty years they have suffered under the burden of the dispensary. That system has put in power crooks and corrupt politicians, who started penitents and came out of office rich. Dispensary craft has cost South Carolina incalculable thousands. The dispensary has held back the governmental progress of the State; it has degraded good men; it has exalted the demagogues and honored thieves.

THE SHAME THAT HAS COME UPON SOUTH CAROLINA IS OF THE DISPENSARY'S MAKING.

If pardons are sold, if votes and approvals are on the market, if official influence is a commercially commodity, the dispensary is to blame. If graft is the power behind the throne in South Carolina, the dispensary is to blame. If such creatures as Cole Blaise are perpetuated in office in South Carolina, the dispensary is to blame. South Carolina has suffered and her name has been blackened under near-prohibition, and must soon lift the curse of corruption and lawlessness that lies now heavy upon her. Her people want sane regulation.

Old General Humidity ought to go on a retired list.

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

Genuine Delights.
 Pounding the eternal daylight out of a piece of high-cost-of-living beef-steak with a potato masher. Having the butcher hand you back to such change.

Saving \$1.25 by being invited to dine out Sunday.
 Getting a check for \$200 from a magazine story you had forgotten all about. (This never happened.)
 Meeting an old friend from the home town who refrains from referring to the time that you didn't have a cent.

Meeting a music teacher who can talk about something else.

What Drives Newspaper Men Crazy.

"Where do you get all of your ideas? Clip 'em out of the other papers?"
 "Why don't you write a play?"
 "Huh, you have a snap. All you got to do is sit at a desk five or six hours a day."

"I saw that joke of yours nineteen years ago in the Boston Herald."
 "My kid said the funniest thing the other day. You ought to use it."
 "Why don't you read the Was company once in a while?"
 "How much do you get a week for working on a newspaper? I suppose you save lots of things given to you."

"Most all of your stuffs sent in, ain't it?"

Hints to Lovelorn Gent.

Send her a large bunch of violets every day. Then you will be perfectly safe, for you will never have enough money to get married on.

Never be about your salary, for when she marries you and finds out the truth, well—don't lie about your salary, that's all.

A woman can get along with a \$4 hat when she's single, but her ideas change when she is married.
 If you want to win her in a hurry pay no attention to her at all, but fuss around with some other skirt of whom she is jealous.

According to Uncle Abner.
 Them dog-lovin' wimmins.
 I think are a shame.
 The lips that touch poodies
 Shall never touch mine.

It's a pretty poor politician who can't predict who is going to be elected. If he is at it long enough beforehand so that everybody will forget it. A smart man is discussed pro and con, but after all, what is said is mostly "con."

A fellow that has not brains will get by on the fellow that hasn't wit, and that is not all there is to it. It is not the whole thing in this life. No, indeed, it is not more than nine-tenths of the whole thing.

The quiet feller is the best friend, for he is the one that will stick after all the rest of 'em have made their excuses, put on their hats and gone home.

There never was a curly-haired fellow who ever had much patience.

A good many fellows who will go to pieces if they have a toe ache will walk up to the cannon's mouth or jump into a building, but they will save a life without giving the matter a second's thought.

Voice of the People

Defends Mr. Flood.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:—Sir—I was in the office of Representative H. D. Flood, of Virginia, to-day and looked over a number of letters and newspaper clippings concerning the William C. Tillman, Jr., Flood episode at Baltimore. From all parts of the country Mr. Flood has been congratulated for the way in which he answered the attack of Mr. Tillman. Mr. Flood is a member of the delegation to the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis, and he has been commended for the splendid defense he made in behalf of the Democrats of his State.

I have been in Washington doing newspaper work for six years, and know something about Mr. Flood's sort of Democratic. There is no more loyal party man in Washington. It is frequently said that Mr. Flood devotes more time to Democratic affairs than any other man here. Three times he has been elected to the presidency with all of his heart and soul. I have heard Mr. Flood defend Bryan, and other Democrats were abusing him.

In 1911, when the Democratic leaders were trying to settle snailshells over committee assignments, Mr. Flood collected a crowd of attorneys of New York Democrat to bring about harmony. He was entitled to the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, but took preference to lead the leaders out of an embarrassing position.

Mr. Flood believes in Democratic harmony. He is one of the leaders in helping Senator Chamberlain and Majority Leader Oscar W. Underwood organize the House into a body of law-making Democrats.

Those who saw and heard Mr. Flood deny to Mr. Bryan at Baltimore were impressed by his words, his manner and his courage. In a few short sharp, well-worded sentences, Mr. Flood gave Mr. Bryan to understand that the State of Virginia could take care of its own affairs without the aid of outsiders.

Mr. Flood used the right word in the right place, and said just enough, and out of the crowd did not know him. Most of those present had never seen him before. What he did, he did as

Abraham Lincoln.

Cardwell.

Calls Bryan the "Big Boss."

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:—Sir—I have just finished reading your editorial, "In Extremis," in today's Times-Dispatch, and hear to call your attention to your wrong assumption when you say Wilson is the candidate of the people; that he was nominated in spite of the "bosses," and that he is under no obligation to any political boss.

When he was put in nomination he had many less votes than Clark, who had been elected right along until the war, Bryan made his speech and the money ring and broke from his instructions and voted for Wilson. This caused rumors flying thick and fast that Bryan was getting Wilson against Clark with the expectation that the nomination would come to him again, but soon finding that it would not come to him, he fought Wilson's battle for him, and Mr. Wilson owes his nomination to the big boss, who means to rule or ruin the Democratic party.

I mixed with the delegates all during the convention, and the last several days of it they were sure a scared bunch—afraid that Bryan would bolt the national ticket, as he did his own State ticket when the candidate did not suit him.

Those scared delegates are the true Democrats, and though they favored Clark, Underwood and Harmon, yet to save their party of annihilation Bryan's bolting they nominated Wilson.

As Mr. Wilson means to take the bit between his teeth, and will when they meet give Mr. Bryan to fully understand that he means to be the boss,

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE TALKING POLITICS.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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an unknown defender. As he mounted the platform his lightning gray eyes flashed defiance, and the courage in his heart manifested itself in every feature of his face. Angry and ready to fight the whole world if necessary, he was composed and deliberate. The moment the chair recognized him his blistering words began to shoot to every nook of the auditorium. For an instant the audience sat still and silent, but before Mr. Flood finished a yell of approbation rose from the audience.

Ryan and Belmont were forgotten for the minute, and the crowd gave its approval of the mastery way in which Mr. Flood, a Virginian, had met the attack on the Democracy of his State. Washington newspaper men, who were at Baltimore and heard Mr. Flood argue that no man ever rose to an emergency more quickly and more cleverly than did Mr. Flood.

H. E. C. BRYANT.

Sidelight.
 I don't have any preconceptions. 'Bout these here doggone conventions. But this fuss the politicians started up.

And I'll added with grave misgiving. As to how I'll make a living.

I don't want to run no chances on my sup.

Have your speeches at your meeting, I have got to rustle eatin'.

Go an' organize your politician's mob. Why you spout about elections.

Am I make sense at all? I'll tell you. I'm actin' like the deuce to hold my job.

Taft ain't goin' to see you thro' it. When collectors shove you to it.

Am I request you to please settle up your bill.

Bryan's folks are the others. Ain't the ones supportin' mothers.

You're the guy who will be hooked up by the gill.

I don't need no prophyny. To tell me there's no use tryin'.

For the history of each nation's 'bout the same.

When you're burkin' brains an' money You will find that it ain't funny.

To hold nothin' every deal that's in the game.

Politics I tried it once. I ain't such an awful dunce.

That a precinct bossship was too big for me.

When I found I wasn't after Bryan trained to be a grafter.

They just simply handed out my twenty-three.

Let 'em have their convocations, And pretend investigations.

When one crook finds out another crook will bring a good price of a bribe.

I don't care who is elected, Assenated or rejected.

If my pay keeps on a-comin' just the same.

'Stead of talkin' people dizzy. Take a tin from me! Get busy.

An' make sure that you're not going to be a graftin' game.

You'll find scores of willin' Presidents Among our hundred million residents.

But you'd better head a man who'll give you work.

PRESLEY SMITH.

Cardwell.

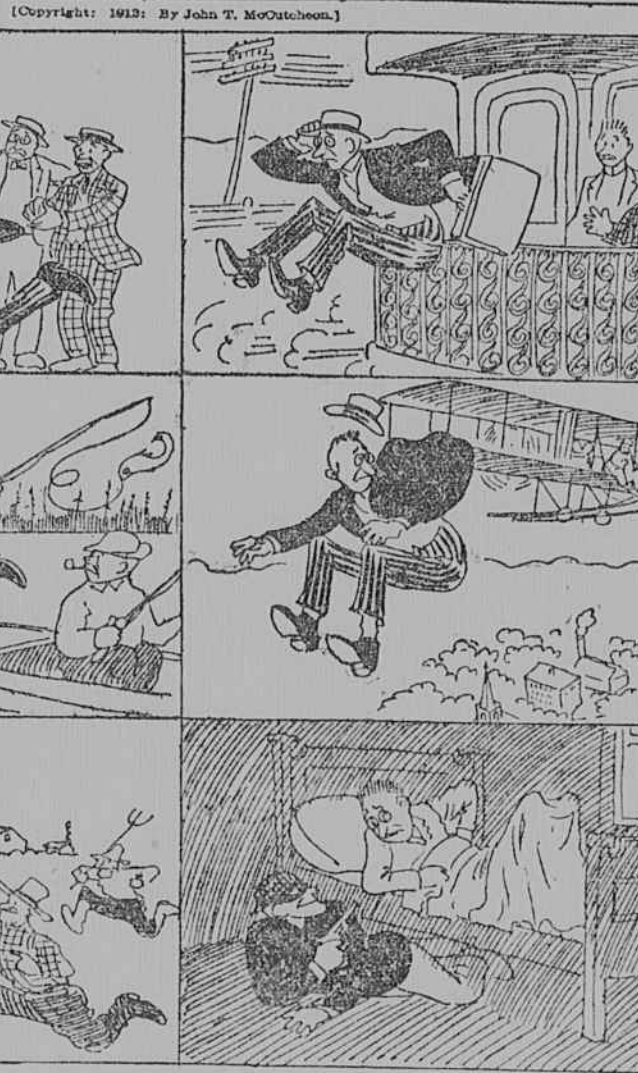
Walnut Hulls.
 Can you give me the address of any one who would buy the black walnut hulls?

Write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Richmond, Va. if any one can find you a market for this ware, he can do so.

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you can look for Mr. Bryan to take little interest in the election, and if he does make speeches, it will be a 10 to 1 shot that he will stir up bitterness among the Democrats that Wilson will be beat hands down.

W. B. MCGRAW.

Forgotten Tunes.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:—Sir—The first public entertainment patronized by the joy of eleven years was "Father Nichols' Old Folks' Concert." The place was Hartford, Conn., and the time the late fall or early winter of 1901. One number on the program was a solo by Father Nichols himself, which began (as part of the song) with the statement, "I will sing you a song" composed from that title of fifty different songs. Only two fragments come to mind after all these years, one of them, however, being to the point, I recall.

There was "The Captain With His Whiskers" and "Old Uncle Joe."

When near the end, closing a verse, was:

"Mother is the Battle Over." "What Are the Men About?"

And, "How Are You, Horace Greeley?" "Does Your Mother Know You're Out?"

Perhaps some of your readers who were ten years or more old in 1901, may be able to recall Father Nichols and his old folks. It is just a freak of memory that so much of a trivial affair remains in mind, when matters of real importance have gone into the limbo of the forgotten. C. A. W.

Richest Country.

What is the richest county in Virginia?

If you mean the county having the largest total assessed valuation, Norfolk.

Colus of 1850.

Can you state the number of silver quarters and halves coined in 1852? Also the number now in existence and the premium on them.

There were two types of each coin, and the Mint records do not show how many were made of each sort. Of the quarters there 16,562,229 made. Of the halves, 4,800,708. The number now in existence would be estimated at about half the number coined, though such an estimate would, of course, be little better than a guess.

premium depends on the type and on the condition. It is almost useless to talk about the value of an unclean coin.

Unless the piece is of great rarity a poor specimen has no premium, and sometimes a comparatively common coin will bring a good price on account of remarkably fine condition.

One thing you might care to know about coins you suppose of value. If you clean and shine them up, you have probably ruined them.

Social Use.

In the opera house does the woman or her escort precede?

In all public places it is the better practice for the escort to precede.

Walnut Hulls.

Can you give me the address of any one who would buy the black walnut hulls?

Write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Richmond, Va. if any one can find you a market for this ware, he can do so.

Scott.

In which of Scott's novels is the character of Duncan of Knockwinnock?

There is Duncan of Knockwinnock in "Heart of Midlothian." He is the nearest fit to Scott.

Moons.

What is the length of time from one new moon to the next?

Mean length 29 days, 12 hours, 44.05 minutes, the moon's "synodical period" as it is called.

Virginia Cities.

Please state the population of Lynchburg and of Roanoke.

N. B. N. Lynchburg, 29,494; Roanoke, 24,874.

Wet Mitchell's "Circumstance."

Will you settle a question which has been left to your judgment by giving your opinion of Dr. S. Wet Mitchell's novel, "Circumstance?"

It is no part of our province to express opinions. It seems to be the common inclination, in which we heartily concur, to rank "Circumstance" among the feeblest products of the modern pen.

"LUPO THE WOLF" PLOTS REVENGE

On His Way to Federal Prison Vowed He Would "Get" Detective Flynn.

Atlanta, July 14.—"Lupo the Wolf," leader of the mob, during a band of criminals in America, is the most thoroughly guarded prisoner in the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta since the discovery of two attempts of confederates to communicate with him in his cell, planning it is said, the assassination of the detectives who ran him down.

Warden Meyer has been warned that Lupo and his band of assassins are plotting to take revenge upon Detective William J. Flynn, District Attorney Smith, United States Judge George Boydell, and a dozen others instrumental in sending him to prison.

Lupo has yet twenty-three years of a twenty-five-year term to serve. In another cell is his chief lieutenant, Giuseppe Morrello. The prison authorities know that determined and persistent the wolf will be made by the hundred-odd members of the gang still at liberty to get them out.

Dispatches from New York say that Lupo's friends are bent upon revenging his conviction while awaiting an opportunity to secure his release. Lupo on his way to Atlanta vowed that before he died he would "get" Flynn, who, with a score of subordinates, arrested him at a farmhouse at Highland, N. Y., where he was engaged in counterfeiting.

When Morrello was nabbed a little later, after a desperate battle in a New York den, he vowed vengeance on Flynn and the secret service men tore the gun and knives from his hands and dragged him unconscious to the Tomb.

More than all, Lupo wants revenge upon the spies who got into the councils of the Mafia, and the secret service men tore the gun and knives from his hands and dragged him unconscious to the Tomb.

The prison authorities have taken precautions that no one shall see Lupo in prison who might even inadvertently carry some communication to him from the outside world. He is never allowed to speak to any one, especially the Mafia, unless a guard is with him. His letters to and from prison are carefully scanned. Every moment of his days and nights in prison he will be closely guarded and watched.

Meanwhile, biding his time, somewhere in this country is a Sicilian who has sworn to have the life of Lupo the Wolf the moment the Mafia chief quits the Atlanta prison. Lupo killed this man's brother in Sicily twelve years ago for refusing to join Lupo's foreign vendetta, and then fled to this country. It is said that this Sicilian has told friends that he will come to Atlanta in the hope of finding an opportunity to slay Lupo in prison.

RUSHING GEORGIA PEACHES TO THE NORTHERN MARKETS

[Special to the Times-Dispatch.]